

The Sky Line Trail



VOL. 2 No. 7
July, 1935



Haiduk Peak and Lake
Photo by L. H. Leacock

Official Organ of the
Sky Line Trail Hikers
of the Canadian Rockies.

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PROPOSED SKY-LINE TRAIL HIKE 1935

August 2-5

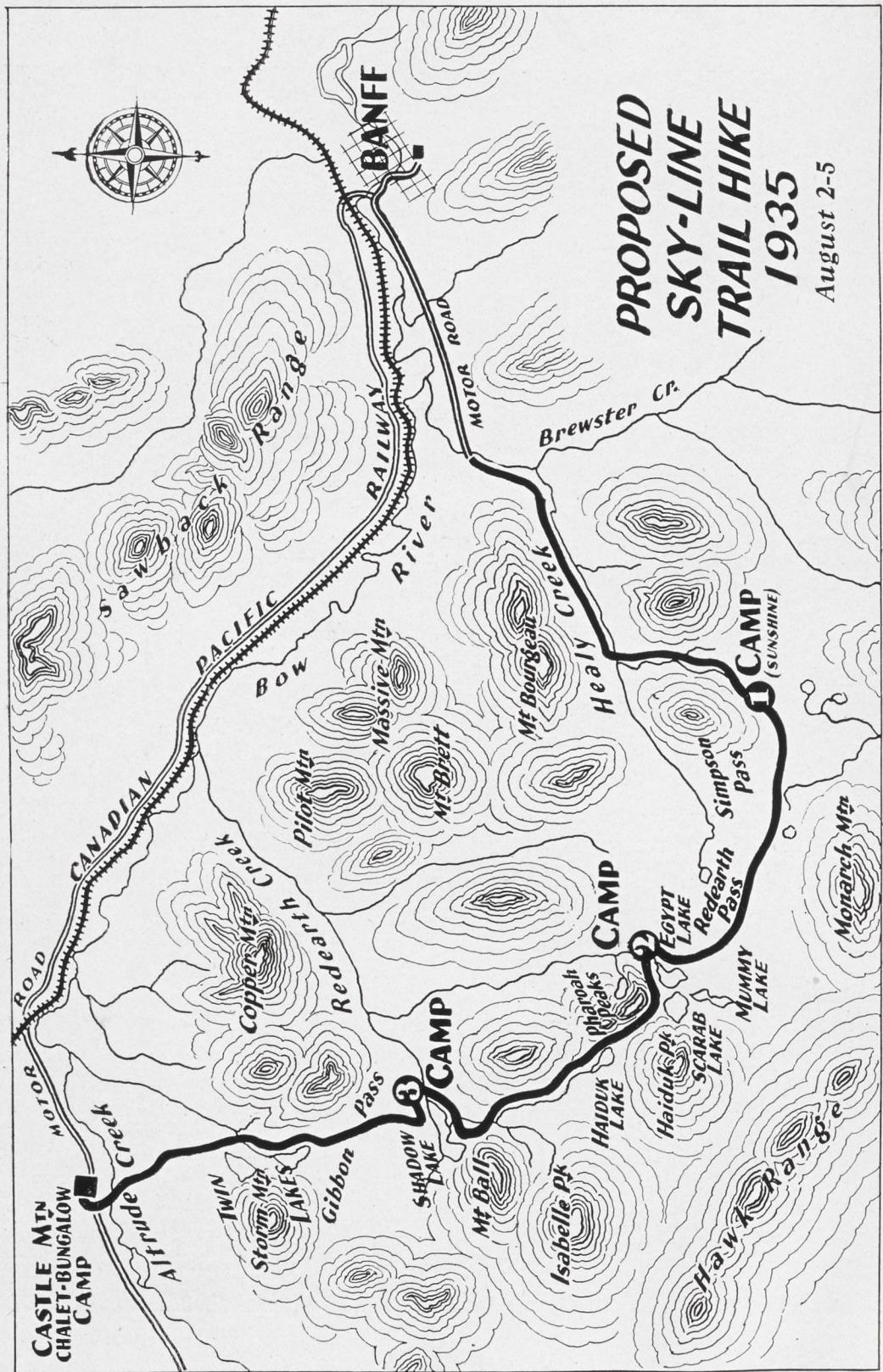




Photo by L. H. Leacock

Looking towards Pharaoh Peaks and Mount Assiniboine from ridge near Mount Ball.

Egypt Lake and Vicinity

by A. O. Wheeler

Hon. Vice-President

THE question is often asked : "How do the Canadian Rockies compare with the European Alps?" The answer is: "There is no comparison," for each individual mountain range has its own particular characteristics. So also the outstanding beauty spots of any one range have its own particular charm.

The overpowering and awe inspiring scenic grandeur of the Lake Louise centre, surrounded by towering snow-clad heights, tumbling icefalls and rock precipices, and fed by glaciers draining to the cerulean waters of the lake, cannot be compared with the turquoise brilliance of Emerald Lake, nestling amidst restful green forest rising to a circle of more distant snow-crowned massifs; nor can the beauties of that gem of gems, Lake O'Hara, with its wonderful setting of mountain peaks, be

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW FOR THE EGYPT LAKES HIKE

In order to make adequate arrangements for tent accommodation, food supplies, etc., for the camps on this four day hike, three nights under canvas, we must know how many to expect. Inclusive cost from Banff and back to Banff is \$22.50. Busses to Healey Creek with start from Banff early on Friday morning, August 2nd. See map on opposite page for itinerary. Those attending the Alpine Club Camp at Mount Assiniboine can join the Sky Line Trail Hike at Sunshine Camp. Send reservations without delay to the western Secretary, Dan McCowan, Banff.

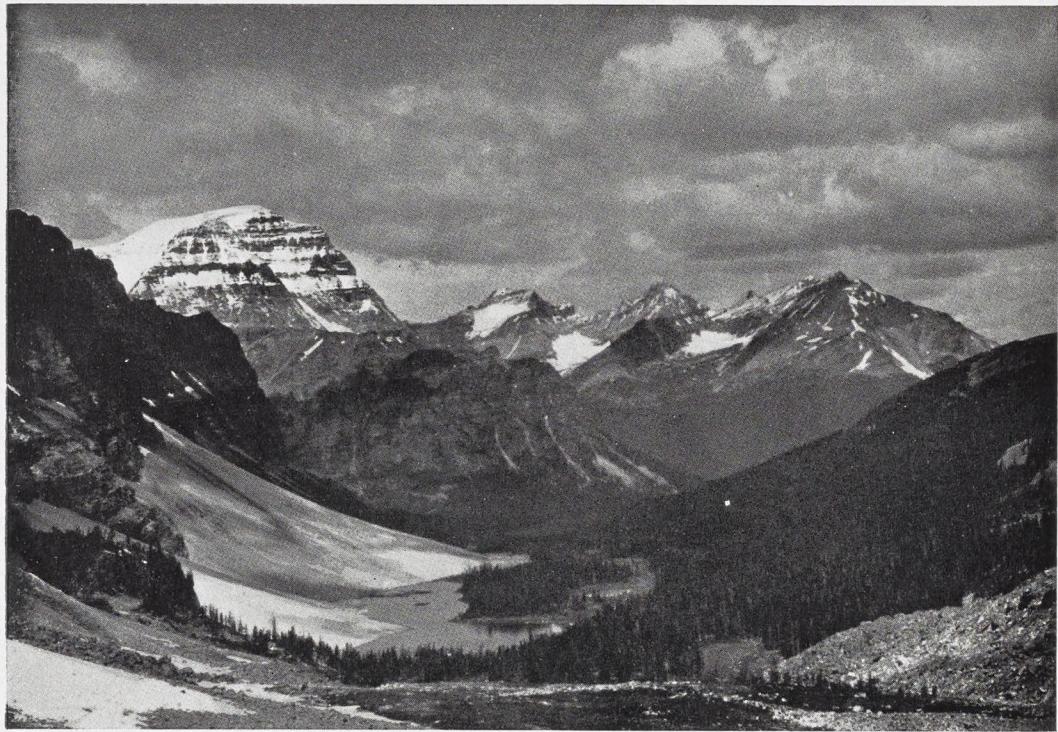


Photo by L. H. Leacock

Mount Ball and Haiduk Lake seen from summit of the Whistling Valley.

compared to the striking monolith of Mt. Assiniboine, rising supreme above its surrounding group of satellites.

In thirty years of exploration, surveys and mapping of the main ranges of the Canadian Rockies, the writer has come closely in contact with the above named beauty spots and many others, and can safely say that outstanding among them for scenic charm and interest may be classed the group of peaks, lakes and alpine meadows of the Egypt Lake area, dominated by the snow-crowned Mt. Ball, 10,825 feet in altitude. Through the centre of this striking group of peaks lies the route of the Sky Line Trail for the summer of 1935.

The route up Healy Creek to Sunshine Camp, although presenting a long, steep, hill climb to the upper levels, is by far the grandest of the three routes to Mt. Assiniboine. Views of the stupendous rock precipices of Mt. Bourgeau well repay the exertions of the climb. From Sunshine Camp the grades are more gentle and the open grassy alplands of Simpson Pass, thickly strewn with mountain wild flowers, pink heath and white heather, and interspersed with charming little, bright blue tarns and groves of larch are, apart from the historic interest of the pass, most fascinating. Here, when the sun shines, is a true mountain paradise and one is loth to leave so beautiful a place, but

the trail leads on over Redearth Pass and gently drops to Egypt Lake. Camp No. 2 is close by its margin.

Egypt Lake is the first of a series of delightful little mountain tarns of exquisite shades of blue and green. High above lies Scarab Lake, its waters flowing to Egypt Lake in picturesque falls. Close by, but still higher beyond timber line, surrounded by rocky heights, is Mummy Lake. Farther on, directly beside the trail of the hike, lies Haiduk Lake, a bright blue sunny little tarn, fed by the melting spouts of Haiduk Peak. Directly above Egypt and Scarab Lakes rise the Pharaoh Peaks and at their eastern base lie three other little tarns, of which the central one is named Black Rock Lake. Leaving Haiduk Lake the route follows Haiduk Creek to Shadow Lake, the largest and most picturesque of all the lakes seen on the hike. It lies below the towering precipices of Mt. Ball, in a circle at the head of a very beautiful valley. It is here that Camp No. 3 will be pitched, thus enabling the hikers to enjoy its outstanding beauties for a longer period, and possibly a little fishing.

From Shadow Lake, over Gibbon Pass, the trail leads close by the Twin Lakes and crosses the deep valley of Altrude Creek to Castle Mountain Chalet-Bungalow Camp where the Pow-Wow and annual meeting of the Sky Line Trail Hikers will be held.

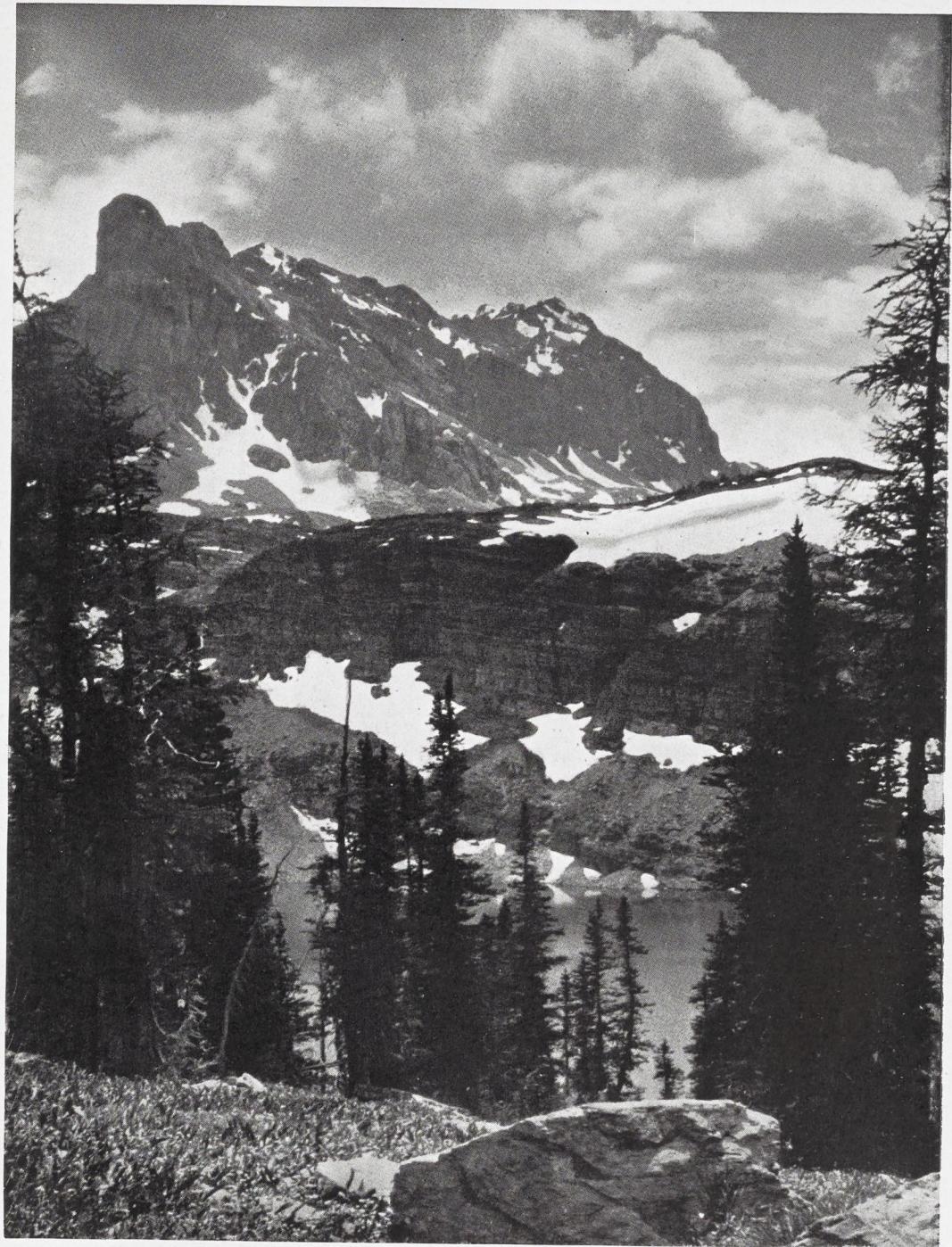


Photo by L. H. Leacock

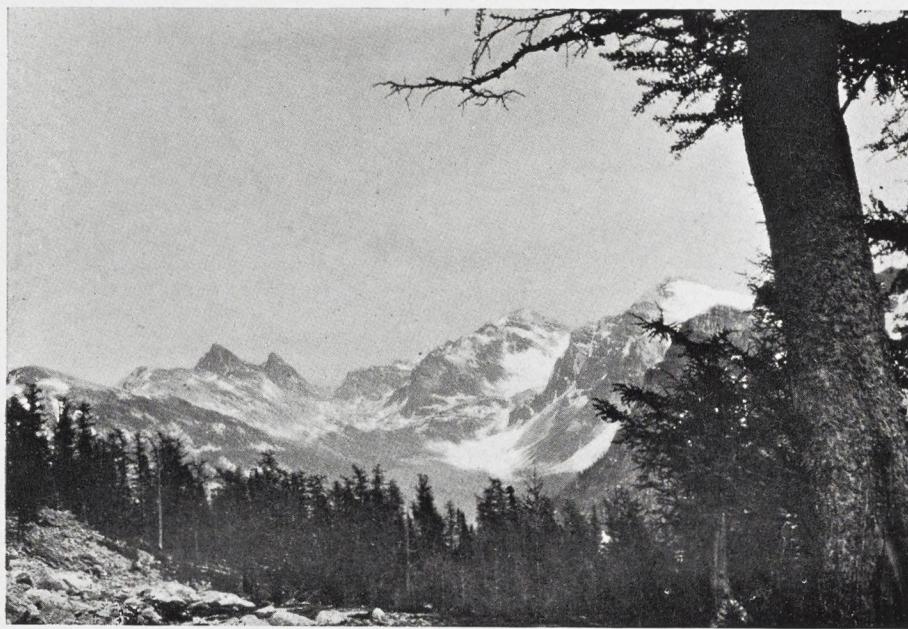
SCARAB LAKE
as seen from the southern slope of the Whistling Valley.



Summit of Simpson Pass looking south towards Mount Assiniboine.



Waterfall into Shadow Lake



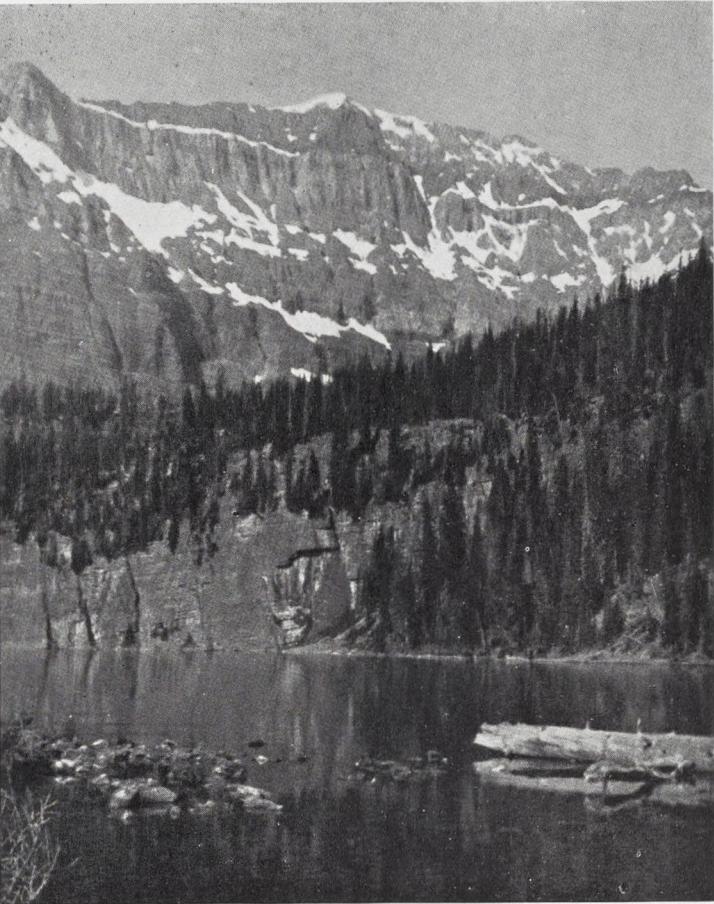
The Whistling Valley as seen from Gibbon Pass.
Pharaoh Peaks on left, Haiduk Peak on right.

EGYPT
SHADOW
AN
MOUNT

Scenes
193
SKY LIN



from the Lower Ball Glacier.



Egypt Lake from the outlet.

LAKES
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on the
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otos by L. H. Leacock



Ice Cave on the Lower Ball Glacier (one hour's walk from Shadow Lake).

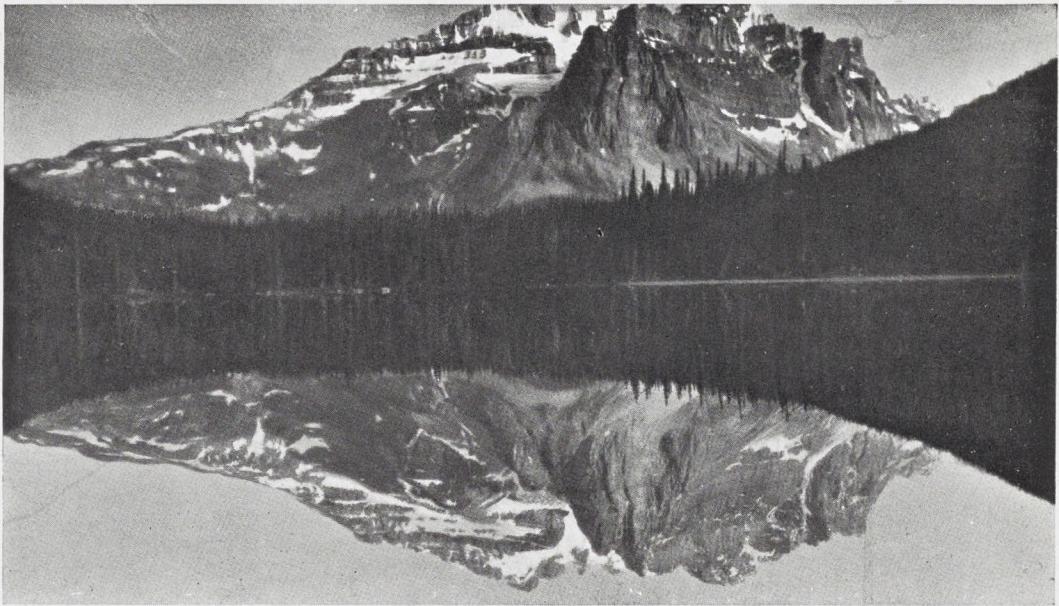


Photo by L. H. Leacock

SHADOW LAKE

Scene of the third night's camp on the Sky-Line Hike.

It is always of interest to know how and why the names of topographical features such as mountains, lakes, streams, etc., have come to be applied and it has been part of the writer's duty when mapping the mountain regions to apply names where none had previously been given. Consider a mountain region 600 miles long and 200 miles wide and imagine what a brain-racking task it has been to find suitable names over much of its space.

In the Egypt Lake area, if the writer's memory serves him right, Pharaoh Peaks was a name already in existence when the section was mapped, hence the sequence for the lakes: Egypt, Scarab and Mummy. "Haiduk" is a Polish term for a lively young woman a hoiden. First seen from a height with sunshine and shadow dancing on the surface of the lake the name seemed as suitable as any other and has an impressive sound; it was also applied to the peak. Black Rock Lake is due to its location at the base of dark rock precipices of the eastern face of the Pharaoh Peaks.

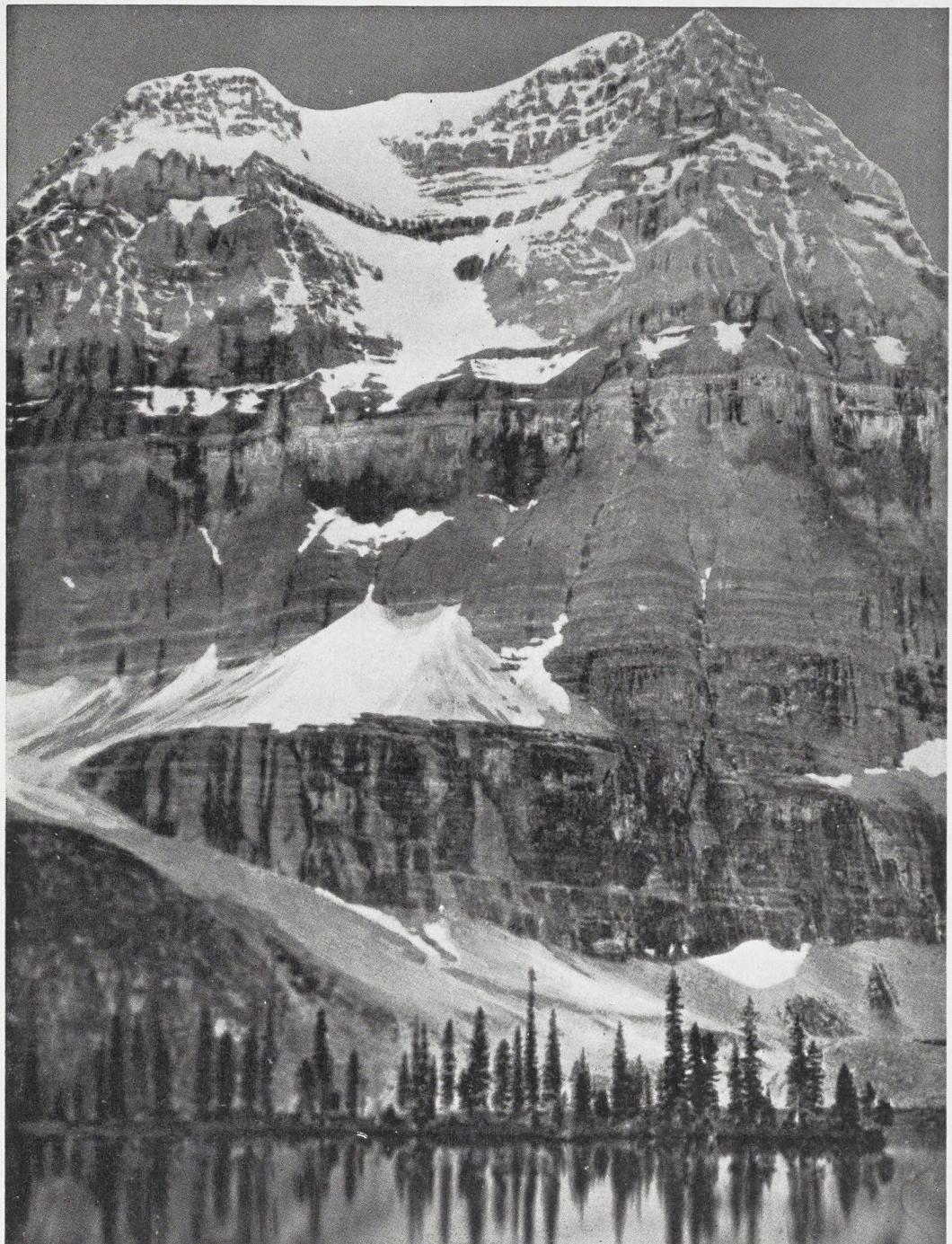
On the western side of the ridge separating Scarab Lake from Haiduck Lake is Whistling Valley, so-named because of the shrill, resounding whistles of a number of hoary marmots (*Arctomys*

Columbianus) who greeted me when I first entered the valley.

The area traversed by this year's hike is of magnificent scenic interest and for variety and continuous charm throughout its length cannot be surpassed.

NOTE:—

A feature of very great interest on the Healy Creek trail is Sir George Simpson's "hole in the wall." About half a mile north from the foot of the big hill rising to Sunshine Camp level, where you cross a stream flowing to Healy Creek, may be seen in one of the great rock slabs bounding the valley on the eastern side a round hole through the slab not very far from the top. It is about 20 feet high and about 40 feet wide and looks at first sight like a snow spot, but closer inspection shows it to be an opening through the rock and clouds may be seen passing across it. This is the "hole on the wall" mentioned by Simpson in his account of crossing the Pass and not the cave on the north side of the Bow Valley near Sawback, which is generally so called. A number of years ago an Alpine Club Party climbed to the cavity on Healy Creek and established its dimensions.



Mount Ball and Shadow Lake.

Photo by L. H. Leacock

SKY LINE TRAIL HIKERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

SONG SHEET

A-HIKING WE WILL GO

(Tune—*A-hunting We Will Go*)

1. The rosy dawn lights up the peak,
The birds begin to sing.
The water tumbles down the creek,
The water tumbles down the creek,
Mosquitoes wake to sting,
Mosquitoes wake to sting,
Then a-hiking we will go, a-hiking we will go,
A-hiking we will go, a-hiking we will go.
2. The loafer round the hiker throws
His arms and bids him stay.
"You fool! it rains, it hails, it snows,
You fool! it rains, it hails, it snows,
You should not hike today,
You should not hike today,"
But a-hiking we will go, etc.
3. The heather calls above the wood,
The purple and the pale,
In Alpine meadow flower-bestrewed,
In Alpine meadow flower-bestrewed,
Along the sky line trail,
Along the sky line trail,
So a-hiking we will go, etc.
4. At night we come to cosy camp,
And eat with might and main;
The moon above our only lamp,
The moon above our only lamp;
To-morrow start again,
To-morrow start again,
And a-hiking we will go, etc.

NEW BORN STARS

(Tune—*I Saw Stars*)

New-born Stars,
That lie in mountain lake so clear, so clear,
And bring a mock heaven below.
New-born Stars,
I heard them whispering "Look up! Look up!
You're only dreaming,
We're only seeming,
A ripple will wash us away,"
But they're so clever
They shine for ever,
At least till the dawn of the day.
They're New-born Stars
That lie in mountain lake so clear, so clear,
And bring a mock heaven below.

EGYPT LAKE

(Tune—*Mandy Lee*)

On a sunny Summer day,
When the flowers were blooming gay,
And the mountains towered sharp against the sky,
We set out a jolly crew
To discover pastures new
In the Alpine prairies up where eagles fly.
We went over Simpson Pass;
There the heather grows like grass
And the snowy peaks are scattered all around.
Then we found a camp was made
In a lovely forest glade
Where the bluest lake in all the land is found.

Refrain

Egypt Lake, I'll come again to you, my Egypt Lake,
To think of you my heart begins to ache.
Soon I'll set again my tent beside you, Egypt Lake,
'Cause I love you more than any other, Egypt Lake.

A-ROVING

1. At Egypt Lake I met my flame,
Mark well what I do say,
And Cleopatra was her name;
She'd bright red shoes and lips the same,
But I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid,
A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.
2. She sat upon a chunk of rock,
Mark well what I do say,
And shepherded a bounding flock
Of mountain sheep with alpenstock,
But I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid,
A-roving, etc.
3. "Are you old Pharaoh's Queen?" I said,
Mark well what I do say.
She answered, "Do I look so dead?"
And promptly hit me on the head,
So I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid,
A-roving, etc.

ALPINE WONDERLAND

(Tune—*Winter Wonderland*)

Birdies sing—are you listening ?
On the peak snow is glistening.
The long Summer day we're happy and gay,
Hiking in an Alpine wonderland.
Gone away winter weather,
Honey bee in the heather—
He hums his old song
As we swing along
Hiking in an Alpine wonderland.
Round the campfire we can build a romance
In the moonlight at the nightbird's call,
We may intercept a soft and low glance
While looking at a nearby waterfall.
Later on in the tent,
Know the truth heaven sent,
That naught can compare
With walking on air,
Hiking in an Alpine wonderland.

IT'S GOOD TO FIND A HUMAN NEAR TO HEAVEN

(Tune—*The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*)

I came up from Chicago where the gunmen are at home,
And to Banff at first I came, feeling better for the same,
And then among the Rockies I decided more to roam,
So I started on this Skyline hiking game,
So I started on this Skyline hiking game.

Refrain

As I walk along with alpenstock and an independent air,
You can hear the birds declare,
"That's a hiker, I'm aware."
Yes, and every star
From near and far
Comes at night to see the folks we are,
For it's good to find a human near to heaven.

I wander on without a care through forest and through
flowers
To above the timberline where the views are really fine,
By waterfall and glacier where the snowcap mountains
tower,
And the air you breathe is better far than wine,
And the air you breathe is better far than wine.

Refrain

As I walk along, etc.

SO EARLY IN THE MORNING

Hicker's Version

Along the Skyline trail we climb
In sun or rain in Summer time.
The lazy folk in shade would lay,
But we go out and hike all day.
So early in the morning,
So early in the morning,
So early in the morning,
We start to hike away.

When I was young I used to bike,
And never thought on foot to hike,
But motor cars have come to stay
And drive us from the roads away,
So early in the morning, etc.

And when it's time at night to rest
We find a tent for sleep the best,
Until the daylight comes along
And cookie strikes the breakfast gong,
So early in the morning, etc.

I RAMBLE THROUGH YOHO

(Tune—*I Pass by Your Window*)

I ramble through Yoho
By the canyon and fall,
Where river is roaring
And timbers are tall.
And oh! in the Valley
Where wild flowers are gay,
My heart keeps a-mounting
And care flows away.

I ramble through Yoho
By the mossbank and shale,
And cool in the forest
I follow the trail.
And oh! in the Valley
By campfire I'll sleep,
And there in my dreamland
Its fragrance will keep.

WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO RIDE

(Tune—*When I Grow Too Old To Dream*)

When I grow too old to ride,
One trail I will remember.
You were then my new-won bride,
With love a-bloom in my heart
We ambled along
With no thought apart,
And when I grow too old to ride,
That trail will live in my heart

M—m—m—m—m
m—m—m—m

And when I grow too old to ride,
That trail will live in my heart.

THE NEW EGYPT TRAIL

(Tune—*Isle of Capri*)

'Twas on the new Egypt Trail that I found her,
She was a chipmunk that sat in her tail;
Oh! I can still see the fragments around her
Of the doughnut I lost on the trail.
Though there are chipmunks at Banff and O'Hara
And at Moraine Lake the marmots prevail,
You'll find the marmoty chipmunkey Paradise
on earth is the new Egypt Trail.

Supper time was nearly over,
Rocky Mountain moon on high.
She said "Mister, I'm a rover;
Can you spare a small chunk of pie?"
I whispered sharply, "It's best not to linger,
You'll find it safe at the top of a tree."
But she had lifted a paw to my finger,
'Twas goodbye to a doughnut for me!

I'M HIKING ALONG THE HIGH LINE

(Tune—*I'm Falling in Love with Some One*)

Oh! I'm hiking along the high line, Skyline trail,
I'm hiking along the upland hill and dale.
Yes, I'm hiking along the high line fresh and gay,
For under the wonder of blue sky
My troubles all fall by the way.

HO-RO, MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN

(New Version)

1. High up in mountain valley,
Beneath the harvest moon,
I saw a maiden Sally
And so I sang a tune,

Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden,
Hi-ri, my nut-brown maiden,
Ho-ro-ro, maiden,
For she's the maid for me.

2. "Oh, fair Canadian maiden,
You sure are far from home,
The valley you have strayed in
Is full of bears that roam."

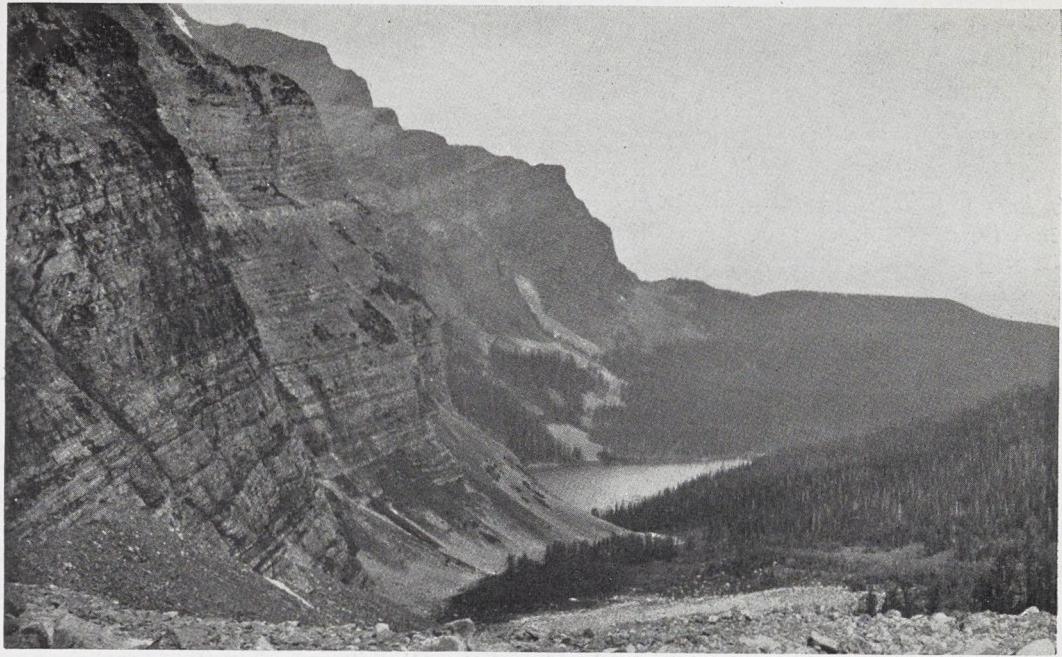
Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden, etc.

3. "I'm deeply in your debt, Sir,
For your so kind advice.
The grizzly is my pet, Sir,
I find him rather nice."

Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden, etc.

4. If fate or bears should move her
Across the sea to sail,
Quebec or else Vancouver
Will find me on her trail.

Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden, etc.



UPPER TWIN LAKE

Between Shadow Lake and Castle Mountain Bungalow Camp on the Sky Line Trail Hike of 1935.

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